

# MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED

143-153 University Avenue, TORONTO, CANADA

LONDON, ENG., THE MACLEAN CO. OF GREAT BRITAIN, LTD., 88 FLEET STREET, E.C.

BRANCH OFFICES: Montreal, Southam Building, 128 Bleury Street; Winnipeg, 1207 Union Trust Building; New York, Room 620, 111 Broadway; Chicago, 311 Peoples Gas Building; Boston, 733 Old South Building.

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## Canadian Independent

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*French grammar of the drawing used in Cinema*

STILL grasping my bottle of water under my blanket, I was removed and

morning and placed in a freight truck with two others, one a sergeant in the Guards, and the other a private in the London Regiment. We were locked in the truck, and kept there for many hours without food or commences of any kind, and finally arrived at St. Quentin.

I did not understand a single word a German, and the repetition of this word puzzled me. It must have been some connection with my rank. I would try on the next German who came near me.

I had not long to wait, for by and by the stretchers were lifted and were carried into the hospital at St. Quentin was placed alongside a large number of others, and the place created a very pleasant impression of the attention we were to receive.

The place seemed like Bedlam. A crowd of men I heard the groans and cries of the wounded. How long would I be left here unattended? How I longed to have my clothes removed! And what of my wound—how much longer must I go before it was attended to? And what was happening to it all this time?

I heard some voices near me speaking German. Now was the time I would use that magic word, and see what would happen. Removing the Muskato from my face, and lifting my arm to attract attention, I whispered hoarsely:

Some one stepped down over me, and smiled my shoulder strap, and said "Haken!" He then gave an order, as my stretcher was again picked up, and was carried upstairs to a room reserved for officers.

But the hospital at St. Quentin was a horrible place. There was a French

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man is the word who was running mad, and between his puffs and shrieks of laughter, the meaning of the wounded, and the first news came from his own delirium.



spent a most unhappy time. I think I must have been there almost two days, and on the morning after my arrival I was unable for a while.

Adjusting the wand, and cry-

separated by an open doorway was the operating room, where five spectators were taking place hurriedly. The scene was

in, and the shrieks of pain which followed were too shocking for description. To hear strong men howl with pain is appalling enough; but to hear them shriek, and for those shrieks to fall upon the ears of nerve-shaken men awaiting their turn just outside the open door was terrifying, appalling.

As the strikes subsided into weakened groans the stretcher would move back into the ward, and the next man be moved in; and so we waited in an agony of suspense, horror, and dread as nearer and nearer we came to our turn.

I do not wish to harrow my readers' feelings any more by describing how I felt when my sister was at last lifted and I was laid on the operating table. I could not see the bloodiness of my surroundings, but I murmured to myself as I had occasion to do on subsequent and similar occasions:

<sup>a</sup>Thank God I'm Blind.

THE diet in hospital can hardly be described as suitable for invalids. At the same time it was substantial as compared with what is received in prison.

lamps. It is breakfast: we received coffee with two very small, crusty rolls, and about the size of a two-grain orange; and what is left, and a chair supports of iron placed between, for dinner one cup of coffee, one roll, and some very strong cheese, milk left to eat. The dinner was greatly out of season, consisting of soup, a little meat, vegetables, and cheese; apples and watermelon. At 3 o'clock a cup of coffee and a small roll; at 4 o'clock supper, consisting of two slices of milk, strong cheese, (German sausage)

For that disk we paid eighty marks per month.

An officer receives pay from the German Government as the following scale: lieutenant, only marks per month; day rank, one hundred marks per month. The German Government recovers the pay money from the English Government, so it is charged against the officer's pay in England.

either in hospital or camp, and they can not purchase anything beyond the very low cost.

With the exception of the dinner, I found the food of very little use to me for the first week or two, as having lost the power in my jaw, and being unable to open it more than half an inch, I couldn't tackle the solids and what couldn't be eaten had to be left, there was no substitute.

There was another diet, in which the coffee was replaced by hot milk, which would have been very desirable, except that the dinner consisted of some fifth substance, which was very unpalatable. For the first week, therefore, I had practically only one meal a day, the dinner but afterwards by diet of changing from one diet to another I managed to get the dinner of No. 1 diet, and the milk of No. 2.

There was a canteen in the hospital where cigarettes, chocolates, biscuits, and eggs were offered for sale.

It was a sorry day when we could get no more eggs. We had to depend upon the eggs for supper, for the chickens were unable to lay any more.

sausage like boiled hamsteer. German sausage at the best of time is open to argument; but German sausage in a country which has been blockaded for two and a half years is worthy of serious thought.

The surgical collection was good, though the Russian prisoners who assisted were apt to be rough; and as neither the German doctor nor his Russian assistant could understand each other, and the wounded could understand neither, nor be understood in turn, the situation was sometimes difficult.

The doctor continued to ask me a few more questions, but I was too tired to answer them. I just said, "I don't know." The doctor then wrote a prescription for me and told me to come back in a few days. I was so tired that I didn't even have the energy to ask him for a ride home.

On one occasion we saw flags flying over the city, and that evening for supper we were given a hard-boiled egg. We were told it was the Kaiser's birthday. We made anxious inquiries as to when the Kaiser and the Crown Prince would have a birthday.

A few days after I arrived at Hanover, my right eye was removed, and the following day the doctor told me, through an interpreter, that I should be sent back to England. I asked when I should be sent, and was told in three or four weeks.

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develop an insatiable appetite for sweet things. I have found that many have had the same experience, after a period of starvation followed upon their wounds. I would buy up all the jam, chocolate, and stuff I could lay my hands on, which came a parcel to other prisoners. When I wrote home the parcels to be sent to me, I hardly mentioned food which afterwards became so necessary, but asked for sweet stuff.

But what I needed more urgently than anything else was money. When I was woken up the only cash I had on me was two francs, and then I exchanged for a mark and sixty pfennigs, which, with five marks I was able to borrow, kept me going for a while. But it was soon gone, and I found myself without a sou, and no way out for six weeks.

About ten days after I arrived at Hanover I was able to sit out in the garden, and from then on I began to mend

**W**HEN I first became aware that there was a probability of my being exchanged I set to work to gather what information I could.

I came into contact with a good many private soldiers, and in conversation with them I became deeply interested in the commercial value of prisoners of war, for the commercial value of private soldiers was a

appearances are clearly evident that in a country where there were over a million prisoners, possibilities were unlimited, and the German authorities appeared, with businesslike organization, to be taking the fullest advantage of their opportunities.

The unprecedented strain upon human resources have been made during the present war has opened up a problem unique in the annals of history. The more prisoners you take the more mouths you have to feed, and the greater becomes the man power necessary for their supervision.

With the ever-increasing number of processors the problem grows in severity, and can either develop into embarrassing proportions, or by sensitive handling can be turned to advantage.

In England for over two years we have



**Above:** Friedman being loaded onto a bus on his way to the airport for the transfer of German.

Right: A group of defiled prisoners in a German camp, including a Canadian aviator.



















"Up here," he directed.  
Cushman, straddled on metal, he stood by

quite still, listening for a moment. Then he climbed a little higher and among some bushes he saw a dark figure moving. "You on top of the wall?" he said. "Come on."

Emilia's knees were shaking, but with Letchester's hand on her shoulder, and reached by side. On the pavement below a man in a blue frock was standing, holding out his hand, and by the side of the curbstone a crowd was waiting. Somehow or other the two reached the pavement. Letchester almost pushed his companion into the doorway and stopped to assist him. The chauffeur sprang to his aid and the two climbed off, and she realized that there was a woman by his side whose face was vaguely familiar. Then the driver broke in upon his own silence.

"I was right, then, it seems," Pamela murmured approvingly. "You were just the man for this little affair."

Letchester smiled. "Unfortunately," he murmured, "a man whose leg would have been as effective as I woulded over to the chapel—rather than, you observe," he remarked, pointing downwards—"and some discomfort that black had been left down at ground and that there were people inside. There was just a faint chuck in me, and I caught a glimpse of several men, your friend Oscar amongst them. Having," he went on, "the woman record for my personal affairs, I was wondering what means to adopt when the lights were low, and it seemed to me that the man was dangerous."

"Do go on," Pamela murmured. "This is most exciting."

"In a sense it was disappointing," Letchester complained. "I had pictured for myself a dramatic entrance—a quiet lowering of the bag, a soft approach—only to my alarm," he reminded her—"a cough, perhaps, or a breath—discovery with a revolver in my hand pointed to the arch-villain—if you ever capture a dead man?" Natural collapse of the villain. With my left hand I clank the handle which held Emelia, with my right I cover the mercenary. One of them, perhaps, might creep behind me, and I hesitate. If I move my revolver the other two will get the drop on me—I think that is the correct expression? A wonderful moment, that, Miss Van Tassel?"

"But it didn't happen," she protested. "Ah! I forgot that," he acknowledged. "I was prepared. I had the revolver at all right. But no one was, it didn't happen. I made my way to the chapel door, as usual, in found my friend lying in a half-conscious state upon one of the blue plush Henry seats, in the shadow of a heraldic dead stag, I gathered that he had been left there to rest upon his side. There was a bottle of remarkably fine brandy within reach, which I tasted, and with which I dined my friend here. I took out away his hands, arms or arms we walked down the aisle, I turned up the place, threw the key away, locked my case but I don't know whether that disgusting little set of teeth, climbed boldly to the top of the wall, and behold!"

Pamela smiled open-lim in congratulatory fashion. "On the whole," she said, "I am quite glad that I belonged to you."

"You showed a most determined," he admitted.

"If he had not been lame," she con-

cluded. "I should have sent to Captain Bolstead."

"That would have been a great mistake," Letchester warned her. "Hitherto in a good fellow but devoid of imagination. He is good, an unsolicited authority. He would have probably marched up with a squad of hussies, policemen—and found nothing."

"Yet I must confess," Pamela persisted, with a frankness unaccountable even to herself, "that if I could have thought of anyone else I should never have taken you to me."

"And why not?"

"Because I should not have classified you as being of the adventurous type," she declared.

Letchester looked injured. "After all," he protested, "that is not my fault. That is due to your singular lack of perception. However, I am able

to return the compliment. I, for my part, should have thought that you were much more interested in the fashion than in paying successfully visit notes to depressing criminals and magicians."

"Perhaps, some day," she remarked, "as my maternal uncle another letter."

"He not her page with a certain nervousness."

"I hope that we may," he said.

"For some reason that were both alien for a moment. Her name had changed a little when she spoke again."

"You are sure," she asked, "that you do not mind my leaving the rest of this affair in your hands? There are reasons, which I cannot tell you of now, which make me anxious not to appear in it at all."

"I accept the charge as a privilege," he murmured. "We are within a few yards of my room now. I propose that I will

look after Captain Graham and advise him as to the means for his journey."

"The car came to a standstill."

"Then then," she said, holding out her hand, "will be good-bye for the present."

"He held her fingers for a moment with one reply. Quite suddenly she decided that she liked him. Then he lifted his head, who was half open, half anxious, to his feet, and smiled her from the car."

"Where shall I tell the man to go to?" he inquired.

"He knows," she answered with sudden certainty.

"Whoever it may be, then," he replied, "see you?"

# CHAPTER VI

IT WAS about half-past three when Lady Graham opened her eyes and began to feel the life once more warm in

her veins. She was seated in the most comfortable way—chair of John Letchester's in his study—room. By his side was a coffee-table and a display of books. She had still shuddered and knelt about, but her mind was beginning to grow clearer. Letchester, who had been seated at the writing-table, sitting down in his chair at the sound of his guest's movement—

"Feeling better, eh?" he asked.

"I am all right now," she was the same what she had been. "Get a bond like a strap and a tongue like a firm knot, but I'm beginning—so feel myself."

"How's your memory?"

"Hazy. Let me see."

"I've been robbed, haven't I?"

"So I imagine," Letchester replied. "You rather asked for it, didn't you?"

Graham smiled wearily in his place. He had suddenly the feeling of being

back at school—and in the presence of the teacher.

"I suppose I did in a way," he admitted, "but at the time—I've always looked upon the matter as a risk more than anything else."

"I am afraid that I can't agree with you," Letchester said. "I should consider history as a remarkably insignificant literature, where a man in your position should reserve more than one reserve."

"I suppose I was wrong," Graham murmured, "but I had been working for about two hours on and then rested up in London at the end to try and keep my appointment with Bolstead."

"How did you do the way?"

"We had a few drinks," Graham confessed. "I was as sure as you, perhaps."

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She had actually made herself comfortable when she was seated in the approach of a large leather chair.



"Mr. Fisher" she murmured. "How on earth did you catch this streamer?"



















## FEEDING THE WORLD WITHOUT FARMERS!

FOOD used to be plentiful and prices low in Canada.

Seventeen years ago—that was in 1900—there were **three** Canadian farmers for every **two** city, town or village people. In those days, the 2,021,799 urban dwellers were supplied with food by 3,389,516 farmers—to say nothing of the foreign farmers who shipped their products into Canada.

And . . .

Those were the days of fifteen cent eggs and twenty-five cent steak, of five cent bread and six cent milk! . . . Because there were more people on the farms than there were in the cities and towns. Our foreign export trade was comparatively unimportant.

The CITY PEOPLE were the farmer's market.

TEN years elapsed. Thousands of young men and young women had migrated to the centres of population. Other thousands had gone West to grow wheat—for Europe. Thus, in a few years, the difference between the city and country population had been almost wiped out. In 1910 urban dwellers numbered 3,280,444. And there were only 3,024,394 people on the farms. The proportion of food producers to food consumers was reversed—the wheat ranchers of the West were really not producing food for Canadian cities, not even feeding themselves.

They, too, were **consumers!** That was in 1910.

THEN came the war!

Between 1910 and 1914 the proportion of producers to consumers declined still further. Food prices advanced. The war aggravated a situation already fast becoming economically unsound. Thousands of men who had been farmers became soldiers. This country was called upon to assist in feeding the Allied armies and populations.

With all the world short of food, Canada to-day has only about **one** person on a farm for every **two** persons in the cities. Heavy drains have been made on our beef and dairy herds, sheep and swine.

The armies and civilians of Europe are competing with our own city-dwellers for Canadian farm products.

TODAY—

Production is the great need. Without producers food cannot be provided. From our cities there must be an exodus **TO THE FARMS**. The farmer holds the key to the world's destiny. All humanity marches on its stomach.

Means must be found of increasing the disproportion between food producers and food consumers—or **DISASTER IS INEVITABLE**.

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE

## HASTENING VICTORY BY FOOD SERVICE!

FOOD is less plentiful and prices are much higher in Canada to-day.

Half the world is the Canadian farmer's market—and a smaller proportion of this country's population is producing food than was the case in 1900. City-dwellers must share with the Allies overseas the products of Canadian farms.

THE farmer must produce all he can. The city-dweller must save. All must economize in those foods most needed for export.

Brave men who are fighting need a part of the WHEAT, BEEF and BACON which normally the Canadian people would consume. Civilian populations of Europe also need a share.

There is not enough to feed all, unless we in Canada substitute foods which are not so urgently needed overseas.

ALL the Allied peoples of Europe are eating war bread. There is no such thing as white bread in Great Britain, from the King's table downwards. But they cannot use other cereals alone for bread.

Corn, oats and rye can be used only when added to wheat-flour to make the war bread now in universal use in European countries. There must be sufficient wheat-flour to give a wheat basis for the loaf.

If we do not send them wheat we **DEFTY EVEN THE WAR BREAD** to many thousands of people.

THE Food Controller asks the people of Canada to substitute at least one pound of **OTHER CEREALS** for one pound of wheat flour weekly per person. We should reduce our consumption of wheat-flour from five pounds per week to four pounds or less per week per person. It is a small sacrifice which everyone can make—and it is urgently necessary.

HERE is the Canadian woman's opportunity for war service.

A little saving in each home counts tremendously when multiplied by all the homes in this country.

Women are asked to use barley for soup and barley flour for thickening; corn meal for bread and cereals; cornstarch for thickening and puddings; oatmeal for cereal and oat muffins; and buckwheat flour for griddle cakes.

Appetizing and nutritious dishes can be made from the war flours. Potatoes are available for many food purposes—and when potatoes are served bread may sometimes be omitted from the meal. An increased consumption of fish would mean a saving of beef and bacon.

**ECONOMY** of food products needed overseas and **SUBSTITUTION** of perishable foods are necessary **TO WIN THE WAR**.

W. J. HANNA,

Food Controller













# The New Oliver Nine

Was \$125  
Now  
\$62.65

**A Typewriter Revolution**  
New Machines for Half the Former Price

At the very height of the stream, The Oliver Typewriter Company again equate the typewriter industry. Just as it did in 1939, when it introduced visible writing and forced all others to follow. Now this powerful Company—world-wide in influence—casts a hail to old expensive ways of selling typewriters. It fees buyers of a useful horizon.

A company strong enough, large enough and brave enough, to change the way of doing this, deserves a hearing.

The full facts are set forth in our new literature, entitled "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason—and The Remedy." One copy will be mailed to you if you send us the coupon below.

## HOW WE DO IT

Remember the Oliver Typewriter—its all-inclusive reputation under the name of the Oliver Typewriter Company. It was the first to do this. There will be no other such company in the world. The Oliver Typewriter Company is the only one in the world. The Oliver Typewriter Company is the only one in the world. The Oliver Typewriter Company is the only one in the world.

**SAVE \$62.35**

The Oliver Nine is a handy type machine—compact, efficient, and economical. It is the only one in the world. The Oliver Typewriter Company is the only one in the world. The Oliver Typewriter Company is the only one in the world.

Save \$62.35 on the Oliver Nine. The Oliver Typewriter Company is the only one in the world. The Oliver Typewriter Company is the only one in the world. The Oliver Typewriter Company is the only one in the world.

Over 600,000 Sold

There are a great many of them, and they are all the same. The Oliver Typewriter Company is the only one in the world. The Oliver Typewriter Company is the only one in the world. The Oliver Typewriter Company is the only one in the world.

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Now, if it is too plain to see, the new Oliver Nine is the only one in the world. The Oliver Typewriter Company is the only one in the world. The Oliver Typewriter Company is the only one in the world.

THE OLIVER NINE

The Oliver Typewriter Company is the only one in the world. The Oliver Typewriter Company is the only one in the world. The Oliver Typewriter Company is the only one in the world.

This is the first time in history that a new typewriter has been introduced in the world. The Oliver Typewriter Company is the only one in the world. The Oliver Typewriter Company is the only one in the world.

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This effort was integrated to the disadvantage.

These efforts to glorify the interior were never carried out. Instead, the interior was left to the mercy of the French, and the French, in turn, were left to the mercy of the French.

Let us not be misled by a moment's thought about these efforts. The French, in turn, were left to the mercy of the French, and the French, in turn, were left to the mercy of the French.

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Factory and Sales Office - TORONTO, ONTARIO



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Ask your dealer for descriptive booklet and color chart.

side along the right portion of the dock. Finally, moved by some impulse, she descended her station of the last few days and called out:

"Mr. Fischer?"

He stopped short. The speaker flew from the rail end of his cap, which he tossed into the sea. He looked towards her.

"Miss Van Teyl?" he replied, a little hesitatingly.

"How clever of you to know my name!" she observed. "I am in the house to talk. Will you sit down, please?"

Mr. Fischer humbly drew a chair to her side.

"I thank you," she said, "that you had been avoiding me the last two or three days."

"I have," she admitted.

"Have I offended you, then?"

"Scarcely that," she replied, "only, you see, it seemed waste of time to talk to you with the boat on, and a little dangerous, perhaps, to talk to you with them off."

Miss Van Teyl's attention.

"Miss Van Teyl," he declared, "you are quite a wonderful person. I have never believed very much in women before. Perhaps that is the reason why I have never married."

"But you, are you a woman-hater?" she asked.

He looked at her steadily.

"I have made use of women as playthings," he confessed. "But I met you I never thought of them as companions, as partners."

She laughed at him through the darkness, and at the sound of her laugh his eyes closed.

"Really, I am very much flattered," she said. "You give me credit for intelligence, then?"

"I give you credit for every gift a woman should have," he answered earnestly. "I recognize in you the woman I have sometimes dreamed of."

Again she laughed.

"Don't tell me, Mr. Fischer," she protested, "that over in your parlour life you have spent a single moment in dreams?"

"I have spent many," he answered her, "but they have all been since I knew you."

Penelope smiled.

"I have never been through a voyage," she observed, "without a few affairs. Still, I never suspected you, Mr. Fischer."

"You suspected me, perhaps, at other things," she added.

"I am full of suspicions about you," she admitted. "I am not going to tell you what they are, of course."

"There is one thing of which I am pretty," he confessed. "I should like to tell you about it right now."

"Could I guess it?"

"You're clever enough."

"You like me, don't you, Mr. Fischer?"

"Better than any woman in the world," he answered promptly. "And my suspicion is—will you chat. Will you marry me?"

Penelope shook her head.

"Quite early in life," she confessed, "I made up my mind that I would never give a definite answer to any one who proposed to me on a steamer. I suppose I'm like you, or like the stars, or like women, or what? I have known the sunset of my life, even like you, Mr. Fischer, become quite possible."

"I am bristling with common-sense at the present moment," he declared earnestly.



# Columbia Batteries

Merion MacLean's Magazine—It will literally give you.









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with its sternal up mouth of retirement, the perfectly fitted product of the steady wheel of Cassini's famous wheel book, describes the thrilling journey with the logical solution of her problems in meeting the expensive living of these days.

With her skillfulness, non-toxic natural herbs, light, white color and wing, Baby powder also satisfies the appetite of her family, while economically furnishing them with the nutriment necessary to their health and strength.

## ANNOUNCEMENT

[illegible]

May/June 2004

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS COMPANY, LIMITED

TORONTO.....WINNIPEG

long jumps and tracked her tightly on the shore. The moment for action had arrived and he was no longer nervous now.

"Hello, Queensie," he said and stood there beaming at her, and showing all his strong white teeth like an affable, wide smile. She flushed prettily and smiled back at him. Queensie had that fascinating feminine trick of smiling entirely with her eyes.

"About what?" he interrupted.

"That I'd be a gray-haired old lady before I met you again. Do you remember the last thing you said to me, Babe?"

[illegible][illegible]

"See you again about that little matter, Queensie," he said, and silently to him framed the word "Tonight." "I'll give you the address now," he continued, and taking out one of his business cards, he hastily scribbled: "I love you." Then he opened her handbag, dropped the card inside, lifted his hat and said:

**F**ROM all of which it will be seen quite readily that Reuben E. Fluck was an impulsive young man, and was not given to looking the grain grower under his foot. Fractious in all things he was no reason why a boy street car

"I prefer prevention."



Accident insurance is a good thing, of course—I always carry it. But what about my wife and children? All the money in the mint wouldn't pay for my injuries to them, and they seem to think the same way about me.

"It's prevention for mine—it's better than regrets. The only safe thing to do when slippery roads are in prospect is to prevent accidents, and the one best way to do it is to equip with Dreadnaught Chains. There may be other good chains, but none could be better than the Dreadnaught, and price is always a consideration."

We make the definite claim that no chain at any price is better than the Dreadnaught, and that no other chain at the Dreadnaught price is as good.

The cross chains are case hardened; hard as diamonds on the surface, tough as copper at the core.

Links are electrically welded.

The long lever pin chain fastener is a Drednought feature exclusively.

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MONTREAL, CANADA  
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we should not serve as the spot for him to declare his love. Since, he was aware, preferred a modest life and a drifting career, a break on the lawn under the old apple tree, with the slight incident of roses, or a glass of champagne and a light supper, with the night-light burning low. Not in Boston, K. Fisher. This was Thursday evening and he knew, at all that the party at Quam's boarding house on Thursday night was meant to a young fellow in the life insurance business and a chance who would meet people and others tonight. Then, he might have waited until Friday evening, but Friday is an untidy day, and it had occurred to Bobo Fisher that he had already waited long enough. He had a business man and Quam was a business woman. Why, then, wait about the best? Not a simple legitimate reason in the wide world for our much loneliness.

He thought, at he started down to the ferry, at an outside seat on an express car, of the man who carried the message to Quam, and he wondered what that individual must have done under similar circumstances. He was young Miss Amelia Gaffney would have let him before the message was sent, when a first hand groped his arm, and a voice dropped two steps beside him. It was not a stranger, Jim Bond, of the Bond Lumber Company, and Fisher moved the women from his business and greeted cordially.

"I was just up at your office looking for you," Bond expanded. "I have as much as I thought myself a couple of tons of lumber in Washington a few years ago, and he's not completed a wall on Gray's house. He expects to see about a hundred thousand a day, and I happen to know he's looking around for a live man to take over his Pacific Coast Selling Agency. I wrote him about you, Bobo, and if you think you can represent him, a five per cent. commission and guarantee the account."

"Cute," giggled Fisher. For that moment the prospect of a live man commission almost overwhelmed him, and he quickly imagined himself and the future in colors of silver and gold. "I have some money of my own and my bank will help me out a few years."

"That" said Jim Bond, "I'll tell you what you do. Get into communication with the mill, make a name and do some. There are others after the agency, but I'll wire the old man to hold it open until he hears from you."

"That's awfully kind of you, Mr. Bond. A hundred thousand a day! Just a nice comfortable little thing, and I could sell every stick of it. Will you give your word, Mr. Bond, that I'll see you within five days? You'll keep the Santa Regency tonight. That will put in Portland Saturday morning, and I'll grab the 12:15 for Seattle and be on Gray's Harbor Sunday noon. Give me your office's name and address, and I'll be working at his office then Sunday morning."

REED handed him a card, upon which he hastily scrawled a note of introduction. Fisher thanked him, and ten minutes later had moved his hat and driver to Portland and was in a taxi-cab on his way home. All thought of Quam had been swept from his mind in the brief prospect of driving from a poor freelance salesman, placing his

orders with whoever wills could be reduced to saving them, to a legitimate selling agent representing a responsible and reliable mill. Provided he could avoid that agency, he would no longer be the better between an outraged customer to whom he had promised stock on a certain date, and the a few years which he had placed the order on its promise to deliver on time. No longer would he be forced to please one and still remain friendly with the other, and he looked ahead into the years and over himself, wondering as the representative of several mills and managing the owner of a fleet of lumber vessels, by virtue of the fact that a selling agent at large in his power to provide them with steady orders.

Arrived at his lodgings, he hastily packed a suitcase and ate his dinner. Later he wrote a brief note to Quam, informing her that he had been called north on an important business, and dispatched the note by messenger. On his way downstairs to catch the train, he stopped in at a florist and sent a dozen arbutus and a spray of American Beauty roses. He received a moment and decided to add a perfectly proper, unassuming, and useful. For he had, as a consequence, feeling that tonight was not the night to be called away on business, and he hoped that the arrival of three business men, each bearing a note offering to Quam, would (in the event that she interpreted his intention) as he had needed the debt—rather than the—mail, she knew to her spite, or whatever it was that hurt when a woman has reason to feel that she is playing in second class. Fisher didn't desire to start up his business Quam's jealousy of his business.

His train was put at rest, however. Before his time was an hour late. The conductor came through the car calling "Attention for Mr. R. E. Fisher." Bobo opened it and read:

"Thank you, Bobo, I read the note. Would you please let me see it in the morning if you can. I'll see you on my way home. Bobo."

Bobo Fisher lay back in his berth and looked with happiness.

"If Quam gets the wife for me," he reflected "it'll remain a husband all my days, and that goes! God bless her!" And he fell asleep and dreamed he had his old friend J. E. Fisher, of the Arrow Mill & Lumber Company by the head and was about to drop him down an open elevator shaft.



The makers  
of Quam's  
Hosiery Co.



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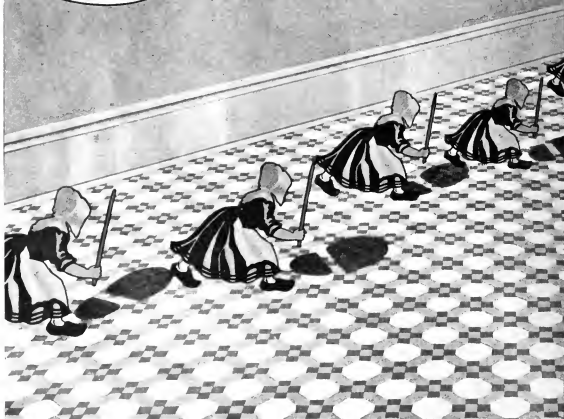






# Chases Dirt

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